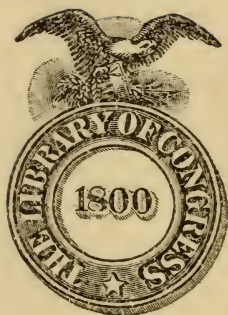


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AMERICA'S
GREAT
NORTH-
WEST

By,

BEATRICE
B.
BERNHEIM



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AMERICA'S
GREAT NORTHWEST



TAKU GLACIER

Field of Opal Ice
Furrowed by Thor's great hand

AMERICA'S GREAT NORTHWEST

BY
BEATRICE B. BERNHEIM

Author of "*Impressions*" and
Other Poems

NATIONAL BOOK PUBLISHERS
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BEATRICE B. BERNHEIM



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GEORGE H. DAVIS
BOOK MANUFACTURER
200 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

DEDICATED TO
MY DEAR HUSBAND WHO SACRIFICED
SO MUCH TIME TO GIVE ME THESE
PLEASANT JOURNEYS

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FOREWORD

"SEE AMERICA" has become a national slogan, and the author of the following poems, acting upon the suggestion contained in the phrase, made a tour of the northwest and recorded her impressions.

The beauties of this vast section of the continent cannot be overemphasized or exaggerated, and artists, authors and poets have found inspiration in their contemplation.

The rugged peaks of Canada, rough, massive and irregular, are appropriately termed "Rockies." Owing to marvelous railroad construction, one is enabled to see the mountains at close range, and running from them, picturesque streams ending in turbulent rivers and opalescent lakes.

Alaska, the "great country," possesses unusual interest; for in addition to the scenic beauty and grandeur of gigantic glaciers, pinnacled ice-bergs, tortuous channels, snow-capped mountains, green hills and striking sunsets, there are the Alaskan

Indian, the weird totem-poles, the gold trails of the nineties, and one can get a slight idea of the vast wealth and resources of this Territory of the United States, whose history and exploitation are just beginning.

The Yellowstone Park set up by the Government for the "benefit and enjoyment of the people" has countless beauties. The hot springs, geysers, colored terraces, steam vents, lakes emitting colored vapors, mud geysers and paint pots, lead to the climax found in the sublime Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River.

The Great Lakes, busy with the coal and copper industry, whose shores are the scenes of active cities and pleasure resorts; and Niagara, the greatest cataract in the world, are referred to in these pages, and are some of the wonders visited by the author.

If this little book will stimulate others, until now too engrossed in their daily tasks, to know or care much about the marvels of their own country, to visit some or all of these places, the tourist will owe to the author a lasting debt of gratitude.

D. J. Fox

Now we'll see the Great Northwest
Mountains high we'll climb with zest,
Nature showing us her best
Westward ho!

ST. PAUL—MINNEAPOLIS

ST. PAUL — MINNEAPOLIS

Twin brother and sister — both well grown
and fair

Connected by a soft strip of sand.

St. Paul gives his bridal wreaths for sister
to wear,

She flings him soft waters to make fertile
the land.

Their parks they share commonly ; also their
homes

Many large public buildings, with wonder-
ful domes.

Capitol, Library, Ft. Smedley, Cathedral,

Take hold of our hearts — for a home 'tis
ideal !

MINNEHAHA FALLS

MINNEHAHA FALLS

Minehaha (laughing water)
Falling gracefully and swift,
Pure white tresses, soft and wavy.
Mother's wringlets to be kissed.

Like her face so gentle ever,
Never changing with the years
Always calm, serene, and lovely.
Smiling sweetly through her tears.

THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON THE TRAIN

EN ROUTE THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON THE TRAIN

A pleasurable part of our journey through
life,

Consists of the company we meet.

If we travel by rail, or float on the seas,

Some interesting people we'll greet.

A dear little mother, with four tiny tots,

One four, one two and boy twins,

Who are journeying far, into Washington
state,

Where father'll be waiting — all smiles,
joyous grins.

No nurse for these babies, 'cept mother her-
self,

But brave as a lion is she.

She smilingly said "After just four days
more

We'll arrive at our home in the Western
country."

THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON THE TRAIN

Next came a soldier, just returned from the
war,

Tall, handsome fellow, broad shouldered
and strong,

He told us his story (for wifey was there)
And two lovely children along.

The dear baby boy, was a new toy for him,
His acquaintance he'd just shortly made,
His arrival occurred while father was gone,
The news came by wire — it told what he
weighed!

A man from Australia spoke to us next,
He had been in the States many times.
Oft' traveled in many and far distant lands,
Had heard many languages; seen many
climes.

He had lived 'mongst the Fijis, and found
them quite kind,
Our song-bird, (Nellie Melba), he knew.

THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON THE TRAIN

Oft' for her he played, while she sang her
sweet songs,

From so interesting a traveler, we much
knowledge drew.

A soldier was there who'd been gassed and
shot,

By the Huns in this awful "World War."
He spoke of Gallipoli, and the hardships
endured,

Bad water, bad food, flies by millions he
saw.

He cannot endure to remain in one place,
He will ne'er be content till he's seen the
whole race.

Will we ever, yea ever, see these folks again,
These interesting people we met on the train?

THROUGH MINNESOTA AND N. DAKOTA

EN ROUTE THROUGH MINNESOTA AND NORTH DAKOTA

Wonderful farming country, we're swiftly
passing through,
The loam is black in fertile field.
Young wheat and corn is coming forth
A bounteous harvest sure to yield.

The cattle grazing in the rain,
The children fair and sweet.
A snake-like stream, and then a lake,
Myriads of wild flowers at our feet.

The farmer's barn with haystacks high,
And implements for farming.
With family group about the door,
Completes this pictures charming.

CANADIAN ROCKIES

CANADIAN ROCKIES

ENTRANCE TO THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

ENTRANCE TO THE CANADIAN
ROCKIES NEAR BANFF

Sapphire streams and emerald lakes,
Guide us on to wonderland.

Soft green hills and wooded vales,
Rugged peaks by heaven fanned.

Fleecy clouds are drifting o'er,
As if to shade them from the sun.

Heights quite softly bathed in snow,
Giant bodies — gray as guns.

Guns that peacefully do sleep —
Sentinels stand as time doth creep.

BANFF

Bow River where runneth thou so swiftly
and strong?

“ I’m leaving for the sea : I gather water all
day long

From the high, gray, snow-capped moun-
tains, released in cascades grand,

Which trickle down the mountain sides by
nature wisely planned.

Bow Falls I formed alluring — charming to
gaze upon.

All comers to our lovely climes, enjoy their
hurried run.

And madcap leaps in snow-white foam

Which continues through the centuries — yea
many more they’ll roam.”

We’re placed as snow upon the mountains,

While ofttimes change our course

Until at length our lives are spent,

Nature regains her force.

LAKE LOUISE

Just at the base of the mountains
A jeweled heart is seen,
The heart of a beautiful maiden
Pulsations quite serene.

Opaline colors gleaming forth
From the heart of this maiden fair.
Coupled with *facial beauty*,
A jeweled *heart* is rare.

Around her stand her protectors
From the cold and icy wind.
She treads a path of fleecy snow
When her boudoir she would find.

Thou'rt a bride indeed, Louise,
A fair and lovely bride,
Thy mantle, the soft, green spruce trees
Thy robe the azure skies.

LAKE LOUISE

At early dawn quite silently
We look *into* thy heart,
We see reflected in it
A world of beauty and of art.

The mountains high, the glaciers grand,
The great stone turrets all,
Thy character reflected deep and strong,
As this stone wall.

THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS AND LAKE MORAIN

Ten dark and stately pyramids
 Thrown up by nature's force.
Their apex jutting to the sky,
 Their base earth's bowels coarse.
Encased in snow and ice,
 Glaciers connecting all,
By mist obscured — this giant mass,
 A veritable iron wall.
Morain's emerald waters,
 Lie at thy feet below,
Placid and still to rest the eye,
 Huge basin for the snow.

THE YOHO VALLEY

EN ROUTE THE YOHO VALLEY

Huge mountain peaks like aged giants,
Majestically enthrall.
Through deep ravines and valleys green
Soft emerald streamlets fall.

They rush and leap as if to show
Their antics free and easy.
The ferns and mosses smiling through,
The summer air so breezy.

EMERALD LAKE

EMERALD LAKE

The most glorious emerald in the wide,
 wide world
Is this jewel of wondrous sheen,
Encased in rugged and snow-capped peaks,
 An ever changing green.

A silver cast oft passes o'er,
 As clouds do come and go ;
Then jade we see when waters are
 Quite shallow far below.

Eight tall, strong, giants guarding
 This precious jewel rare ;
Its dark green fire rewarding
 Their constant tender care.

THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY

THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY

We come to nature's wonderland,
Planned by God's wise hand ;
Soft mountains now ; peaks sugared o'er,
While streams wind through the land.

The foliage on the mountain sides,
Like thickest carpet green ;
The fir trees, spruce, and poplars,
Bring memories as we dream.

Of happy days of childhood,
When with toys we used to play ;
We see again our dear Noah's ark,
Come back to us today.

The *rugged* mountains now have passed,
The soft and gentle here ;
The fleecy clouds now hover o'er —
This valley has no peer.

THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY

Through tunnels dark we wind our way,
 (Cut through the mountains wide) ;
At last we come to Glacier,
 With barren, rocky, sides.

High up we see the water-falls,
 Stiff frozen by the snows ;
This Glacier (great ice mountain),
 'Twixt two soft green ones grows.

Then highest peaks with bridal veils,
 Fast flowing down their side ;
The Illecillewaet madly rushes on,
 An ever flowing tide.

Its banks well filled with verdure :
 We think we see the gnomes
Staring at us from out the caves,
 Their giant, natural homes.

The bear, the deer, the antelope
 Are gazing from on high ;
The eagle and the great white owl
 Flutter and start, as we pass by.

THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY

And dart into the thicket,
To hide from human sight;
The silver clouds fall on the hills,
We're loath to find 'tis night.

ALBERT-CANYON GORGE

Albert-Canyon Gorge is presented to our
view,

A rift between the mountains, with waters
rushing through.

Some hundred feet in depth,

Whose sides are solid rocks,

Implanted are the trees and shrubs,

Whose roots resist all shocks.

REVELSTOKE

Surrounded by beautiful, dark green hills,
As quiet as if asleep :
The air is pure : the flowers fair,
At a charming spot we peep.
A balm for the nerves is a place like this,
A fertile valley by nature kissed.

SICAMOUS

Shuswap Lake (where the waters join),
Is forty-three miles in length :
'Tis bordered by many tall, green hills,
Showing singular beauty and strength.
We're off on a fishing trip today,
Just ready to steam at once,
And hope to have a plenteous share,
Before 'tis time for lunch.
The bear came out to greet us,
And the bald-headed eagle, too ;
But the salmon and the rainbow trout
Had something else to do.
However, we will not despair,
We've hours yet to try,
And should our hopes be blasted,
We'll promise not to sigh.
For the day is fair, and the company fine,
Such scenes as here are most divine.
Our luck improved as the day advanced,
Some speckled beauties our share.

SICAMOUS

The placid lake, the sunset's glow,
 Formed a charming picture rare.
The long twilights in this north country,
 Will linger long with us.
A land of peaceful, kindly folk,
 Whose word you can always trust.
The silver sheen comes o'er the lake ;
 The mist of evening on the hills.
Night's quiet settles over all,
 The robin's note is stilled.

VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER

Leaving behind the Cascade Mounts,
Which flow in graceful waves,
We come into Vancouver,
On whose shores soft waters lave.

Beautiful driveways here abound
With flower laden homes and gardens.
Huge cedars greet our eye,
And shrubs with blossoms laden.

We pass along the rocky shore,
And watch the busy crow
Take clams from off the sandy beach,
Quickly away she goes

To heights above the rocky land,
And then with instinct keen,
She throws them down with all her might,
And breaks the shells atwain.

VANCOUVER

A feast is now before her,
This great, black bird so queer.
'Tis oft' we find this human sense
In the creatures of the air.

The gateway to the Pacific
Is this far western place.
We touch the fingers of Japan,
And fondly smile at all her grace.

East Indians, Chinese, Poles are here,
Yet all seem to agree,
That England's rule is fair and square,
They feel proud that they are free

To come and go, and do as please,
As long as they respect
The laws of that great country,
Whose protection they select.

ALASKA REGIONS

ALASKA REGIONS

EN ROUTE TO ALASKA

EN ROUTE TO ALASKA

We are going, we are going
To the land of the beyond
Where the mountains seem to sweetly kiss
the clouds.

Where the silver waters flow
In a calm majestic stream,
And the rising sun throws out its roseate
glow.

The walrus and the polar bear are ever
friendly foes,

The caribou and eagle always swift,
The greyling in the river, and the foxes in
their lair

Wouldn't change for all the precious gold
they sift.

The vastness and the solitude is all we seem
to feel

And wonder how the Indians on the shore
Can be content to live their lives in this quiet,
easy way.

EN ROUTE TO ALASKA

Their wants are small, they crave for
nothing more.
Are we happier than these people,
Nature's children of the forest?
Our longings and our cravings are oft great
As the worm he crawleth ever
Are we ever, yea, yes ever
Quite contented with our lot and with our
fate?

EN ROUTE TO ALASKA

While traveling by boat from B. C. to Skagway

We met a gold miner by chance
Who staked his first claim in the year '96
And whose wealth has materially advanced.
His interests lie in many great mines
Whose riches we can hardly conceive,
He's his own guide, knows the country by heart

Am sure would be hard to deceive.
We asked if at any time in his mining career
He had been badly treated "In claims."
He said only once of any account
And that by the proudest of names
Our dear U. S. A. had taken away
All the coal mines in country sought.
I told him just here, that he need have no fear

For with *gold*, much coal could be bought.

EN ROUTE TO KETCHIKAN

EN ROUTE TO KETCHIKAN

The broad expanse, the sky so blue
Pacific's arm we're sailing through,
The mountain heights, the wooded isles
The cloud effects our time beguiles.

When twilight time comes slowly on
The sky in west appears
As golden sands in Orient
On which our eyes could feast for years.

Deep in the night when all is hushed
Save the sound of lapping water
Artistic scenes come to our ken
A memory ever after.

We fain would have our brush in hand
With palette, easel, paints,
And place upon that canvas now
These glorious evening tints.

EN ROUTE TO KETCHIKAN

This far north land brings romance
Into our very heart,
We feel our youth return to us
A thrill comes — and we start!

We're far, but not alone,
Our heavenly Guide is near
He's with us through the universe
He's our Protector dear.

For through our love — He loves us
We are His children ever.
His hand will guide our wanderings
His spirit — leave us never.

The sun-capped peaks in sunlight bright
Seem brilliant heavenly lanterns there.
Ever guiding onward —
To ethereal scenes more and more fair.

KETCHIKAN

KETCHIKAN

Totem (lineage) poles
Greet us on every side.
They firmly fix the *family tree*
Which is the Indian's pride.

When the male of any household
Is suddenly called away
E'en the Great Spirit takes him,
His history's preserved alway.

A Totem pole is then erected
On the site of the master's home
Straightway in many carvings
The tribe is cast upon.

When two would join in wedlock
It is decreed in Indian lore
That eagle or whale shall not marry
One of the same to mar.



TOTEM (LINEAGE) POLES

Greet us on every side.
They firmly fix the *family tree*
Which is the Indian's pride

KETCHIKAN

A happy, blissful union,
But the *opposite* they may wed ;
For they felt this law was necessary
To cut off intermarriages.

We can learn some useful lessons
From these simple early races
Their honor and sagacity
Oft outruns us many paces.

EN ROUTE TO THE TAKU GLACIER

EN ROUTE TO THE TAKU GLACIER

Icebergs of various shapes and hues
We pass as we steam along
They're broken from the glaciers
Which were their one-time home.

They seem to want to float away
Drifting into the world,
When time has passed and seasons change
Beneath the seas they're whirled.

Seven times as deep beneath the surface
As they are upon the top.
They oft supply the canneries
With ice just near the spot.

TAKU GLACIER

TAKU GLACIER

Field of opal ice

Furrowed by Thor's great hand
Ploughed and planted by father time
Whose home seems this fair land.

The fathomless depths of sapphire blue

The snow flowers on the surface
The flocs of ice seen clearly through
Stand forth as to entrance us.

Seventy miles in length

A mile or so across
The height in air three hundred feet
Beneath — our calculation's lost.

Blue as m'lady's eyes

Staunch as the heart of a friend
Cold as war's own heartless steel
'Twill so remain till end.

TAKU GLACIER

Huge pieces break from time to time
And fall into the water
With crash and roar and hissing sound
Noisy concussion after.

Oft tiny forms we see ahead
Some hills, a seal, a swan,
We slowly, sadly sail away
This wondrous scene has gone.

SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

'Round mountain sides, past flowing
streams,

Above the canyon's deep abyss
The rocky slopes, with verdant trees
Show us a land by nature kissed.

Swift currents flow by trappers' hut
And all the hills seem strangely cold
The cascades rushing down to stream
Carrying with them untold gold.

The process's long and tiresome
Ere 'tis turned into the mould.
The figures carved in mountain sides
Form many pictures bold.

The dizzy heights into the sky
The waterfalls so near
The rivulets and little runs
Like etchings do appear.

SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

Huge boulders fallen all around
Give signs of nature's forces
We look and often seem to see
The gold in the crevices.

The flowering shrubs approach us now
The many vines in bloom
The trail upon the mountain side
"Sheep Camp" now far in gloom.

Two little huts are all that's left
In that dark ravine deep
Which formerly meant a hospice
For tired souls requiring sleep.

Into great nature's wonderland
Here on the top of world
Where winter's storms and summer's winds
Brought beauties — here unfurled.

Now glacial heights we see
And Skagway Canyon we pass through.
In former days white tents were here
Now only trail do come to view.

SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

In earlier times this granite land
Was tropical and warm
A great upheaval then took place
Which unsettled all the calm.

And threw these giant mountains
From the bowels of the ground
They judge this by the Mastodon
Which just near here was found.

'Twas only in the tropics
That this great creature dwelt
Where torrid sun and languid breeze
All through the year is felt.

Dead Horse Gorge we're going through
Wherein the years long past
So many horses dropped and died
From sheer fatigue — at last.

We are molecules on this wondrous earth
Born to live, and sleep and die,
We often judge our nothingness
By the mountains in the sky.

SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

Their base denotes our youth —

Blossoming and fair.

All paths through life are rugged

Snow tops show age is there.

SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC

SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC

The silver gleam of sunset falls on the
northern sea

Gazing far into the west, we seem *two*
suns to see

A golden glow in distance between the eve-
ning hills

The rainbow colors come and go — our
senses pulsate — thrill.

Between the dark and distant peaks many
snow mounts peep.

Some tiny isles with verdure filled: the mist
falls fast, the mountains sleep.

Although the rain comes quickly now, they're
lovely in their weeping.

For wrapt around with snowy sheets, they're
beauteous in their sleeping.

ALERT BAY

ALERT BAY

A little fishing village banked close against
the shore
With modern salmon cannery; and Indians
by the score
Many curious Totem poles, painted and
carved by hand.
Huts with open rafters; sweet children near
at hand,
Older women cleaning fish: to be dried for
the long, cold winter
Quaint slim canoes on the sandy shore (which
seem too frail to enter)
The Indian grave with monument of mon-
strous wooden fish
The great bear rugs, the baskets fine, and
many a savory dish
Would make us have respect for these harm-
less peaceful creatures.
Whom we hope to educate in time and
brighten their sad features.

VICTORIA, B. C.

VICTORIA, B. C.

Victoria the queen of the northern isles

Thy beauty brings rapture, thy grace calls
forth smiles.

Thy parks and thy gardens with flowers so
rare

Are a source of great pleasure — to thee
none can compare.

We hie to the country to view the estates
See Italian sunken gardens, with fish for in-
mates.

The Japanese gardens, with bridge and
pagoda

Dwarf trees and quaint mill which is pro-
pelled by the water.

Banks upon banks of carnations and lilies
Violets and nasturtiums, snowballs and
peonies.

The Saarnich telescope which throws its
bright rays

VICTORIA, B. C.

Two hundred thousand miles — and whose
results both amaze
And interest, as the suns, stars, we see
depicted on glass
And wonder what in time will be gleaned of
this mass.

SUNSET (VICTORIA, B. C.)

SUNSET

(VICTORIA, B. C.)

Silver glow of purple sunset
Shines in yonder ruby skies
Fades at length just like a moonbeam
Silver-grey seems to arise.
Glorious sun-ball sinks so slowly
Its reflection caught on water
Seems a bridge of rarest platinum
On which fairies full of laughter
Dance and frolic, sing and play,
'Til all is hushed at close of day.

SUNSET (PUGET SOUND)

SUNSET

(ON PUGET SOUND)

A golden dragon seen on high
Far above the hills
It is the sunset in the sky
Causing our senses countless thrills!
Verily a sky of molten gold
It calls us with its lure
To golden halls and castles there
To dreams so sweet and pure
Its light is casting high above
A glorious golden ray
A parting kiss we give to thee
Thou'st made a perfect day.
A day so perfect who can tell
If 'twill ever come again.
We can't expect all sunshine
Our hearts are tried by pain.

SUNSET (SAME DAY)

SUNSET

(SAME DAY)

Heavenly fires burning bright

Torches now are lighted

Even as we gaze on high

We seem to be afrighted.

The mountains now seem all aglow

With ruby red and molten flow

Of some celestial substance

We feel, Oh Lord, Thy true existence.

SEATTLE

SEATTLE

Seattle so-called from an Indian chief
Justly deserves its name
As proud as a chieftain its people should be
Of its playing and winning the game.
In a short space of time, from a very small
place
To a thriving and prosperous town.
Fine buildings, fine homes and many fine
lakes
In beauty the land abounds

Lake Washington is viewed from the avenue
of homes
Oh, placid and beautiful water!
Mt. Ranier stands guard, in the distance we
see
Like a father protecting a daughter.
Many ships are built for the navy here
There're locks and canals and piers
One canal is used for the foreign ships
To be cleaned ere awaiting repairs.

SEATTLE

The population consists of those from all
lands

Swedes, Norwegians, Scandinavians and
Fins,

Chinese and Japs, and East Indian folks

Canadians and Americans

Each house has its garden, each home has
its flowers

The views most enchanting, as seen from
the towers.

MOUNT RANIER

MOUNT RANIER

Old man with snowy hair,
Tell me thy story now.
How many suns and winter moons
Have passed before thy brow?

So many, children of the earth,
I dare not fix the limit.
Six glaciers form and radiate
Like starfish from my summit.

Huge streams from these flow madly
And rushing far below,
Make fertile fourteen valleys
Whose flowers are fed by snow.

So great and high my crest oft seems
With foam clouds for a cover
That which is mount and which is sky
They ofttimes can't discover.

MOUNT RANIER

They say some day I'll blow away
As I did years ago.

I vomited two thousand feet
And threw it far below.

I'm cold without yet warm at heart
And when I look on mortals
I'd like to feel that they're the same
Awaiting heavenly portals.

PORTLAND

PORTLAND

Portland the city of roses
Red and pink and white
Even the hedges are roses
A marvelously beautiful sight.

Each person vies with the other
To grow them more and more fair
Trellised far up on the houses
They seem to be born of the air.

What is softer, more fragrant, more lovely
Than our beautiful, beautiful rose
It sweetly greets infant arriving
It kisses the frame in repose.

It blesses the bride at the altar
Bringing joy wherever it goes
To the mother, the soldier, the sweetheart,
This beautiful, beautiful rose.

COLUMBIA RIVER

COLUMBIA RIVER

Its source in Priest Lake, Idaho, this river
winds its way

Broad and strong towards its mouth: its
beauty will ever hold sway.

Sometimes rapids, then eddies, then smooth
as glass,

Bordered by soft willows, and velvety
grass.

Dotted here and there by small islands or
huge boulders

Above, natural parapets, devoid of the
soldiers

Numberless scows with wheeled salmon-traps
Which after catching these fish, throw
them into the nets.

The rugged shores — Mt. Hood far away
Whose white frame stands boldly on this
clear, brilliant day

COLUMBIA RIVER

Many picturesque villages their orchards
so fair

Of apples, cherries and prunes — show a
landscape quite rare.

There're sheep in the pastures: there're
cows in the tether

The river flows on, and will flow on forever.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL
PARK

YELLOWSTONE PARK HOT SPRINGS

YELLOWSTONE PARK. MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

The air is hot, and parched and dry
The mountains seem of sand
The trees not thick as heretofore
We've come *top* of land.

Nature so strange provides for all
The vagaries of her sex.
She's showing us her water power
Here on this great apex.

Terraces so wonderful
Thrown up in graceful shapes
The water oozing from them
Falls glistening while it bakes

Quite fast, and crystallizes
Again and yet again
To open wide a curious sight
For ever wandering man.

YELLOWSTONE PARK HOT SPRINGS

The sulphurous pools are many hues
The strata varicolored
Even the tiny gopher finds
His home in which he burrows.

EN ROUTE TO OLD FAITHFUL INN

Leaving this place by Silver Gate

We pass the Hoodoo Height

Which looks like many treacherous gnomes

Completely petrified in flight

From nature's wonderland.

The colored rocks, the rustic falls

And beautiful Glen Creek

The little woodchucks on the road

And e'en the elks do greet.

They start but do not seem to fear

For no one harms God's creatures here.

.
Twin lakes alike in shape but differing in
color

Norris Basin steaming forth like many, many
boilers

Prismatic Lake with waters boiling hot

Colored vapors rising, form a wondrous
picture on this spot.

Momentary changes here take place

EN ROUTE TO OLD FAITHFUL INN

Blue, brick, tan, pink, and green
So overcome by nature's phenomena, verily
 stunned we seem
One by one we pass these marvelous pools
Morning Glory, Beryl, Punch Bowl and
 Jewels.
Bubbling with purest sparkling water.
The geysers come then shortly after.

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

Boiling, steaming, seething, hissing,
 Churning the water to flakes
Until with a fitful rush and gush
 Old Faithful again awakes.
A stream spurts up two hundred feet
 Ever mounting higher
Repeating this hourly task each day
 Without a thought of tire.
Faithful as his name implies
The rainbow gleams in sunny skies
Reminding us of God's promise rare
Assuring us of his watchful care.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE AND SURROUNDINGS

A radiantly lovely jewel
Of sapphire blue is seen
Each change of shifting cloudlets
Brings forth another sheen
Her waters in fish abounding
Her shores the campers' delight
The distant Teton mountains
Bring snow caps into sight
The Lone Star geyser deep in forest
Keeper Falls crossing our way
The gruesome Mud Volcano and Grotto
Give keen enjoyment on this day



FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Rushing, roaring, falling ever
Spray ascending in softest mist

FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Rugged canyon walls

Rocks tan and brown and red

Emerald streamlet far below

Beauteous falls seen just ahead,

Rushing, roaring, falling ever

Spray ascending in softest mist

Heavens clear blue: trees darkest green

A place for lovers and a tryst.

Yellowstone Falls a maiden seems

In her sparkling blush of youth

Bedecked in softest snow-white robes

The admiration of all forsooth

Her moods are many and changing

As the winds which float on high,

One moment playful as the sunshine,

The next somber as the clouds in sky.

FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Human nature is always so,
 Changing and changing ever
We must cheer the paths of those we love
 Tiding dark days over.
The little bluebird flits here and there
 Lending a dash of color.
The eagle high up on Thumb Rock
 Is now a nesting mother,
Father eagle hovering near
Keeping watch o'er those most dear.

THE GRAND CANYON
THE BEARS

Bruin comes down from the hills
When the shadows of evening fall
To feed on the rubbish and swill
Which is cast away by all.

See the *black*, the *brown*, the *cinnamon*,
Come walking along so queer
And later the burly *grizzly*
With her little cub so dear.

Baby trots after mother
Oft standing on his hind legs
And when they reach the feeding grounds
For a dainty bit he begs.

The other bears seem quite afraid
Of grizzly being near
And slink away into the woods
While the sea-gulls take to air.

THE GRAND CANYON — THE BEARS

These fish-birds seen by hundreds
Feeding amongst the bear
Bird and beast at harmony
As it should be everywhere.

MOUNT WASHBURN

MOUNT WASHBURN

Gazing into this broad expanse
We're awed and realize
The magnitude of our great earth
As viewed from near the skies.

Ten thousand feet above the sea
Teton's seventy miles of grey,
Lake Yellowstone far distant seen
The Canyon's many miles away.

The mountain sides are beds of flowers
The mosses soft and green
The rocks and crags and ravines deep
Depict a glorious scene.

We feel Thy presence here, Oh Lord!
We thank Thee for thy grace,
The pleasure that Thou giv'st to us
No time can ere efface.

THE GREAT LAKES

THE GREAT LAKES

DULUTH, MINN.

DULUTH, MINN.

Leaving Duluth (shoestring by name)

We pass through Aerial Bridge
Steaming far away on this glorious night
Sun sinking to rest beyond mountain ridge.
Yon moon rises brilliantly, in bright starry
skies,

Queer freighters now glide smoothly by,
Some pleasure craft pass, a canoe hovers
near.

The gulls flap their wings, as they soar in
the sky.

To Houghton we come when the morning
appears

After passing through tiny narrows
Here are many large mines of good copper
ore

Shafts, crushers, separators and bulk ere
it goes

To the smelters to be refined and then sold.

Leaving Keweenaw Bay and Potage Lake

DULUTH, MINN.

Into Superior we glide,

Winding our way through soft passage-
ways,

Catching light breezes which nature provides

The sail is so restful, the day clear and
calm,

For all tired nerves a cool, healing balm.

SUNSET ON LAKE SUPERIOR

SUNSET ON LAKE SUPERIOR

Great heavy clouds of ashen grey
 Tipped by a roseate coral hue
Beneath at sea line crimson fire
 With mists of evening breaking through
We ask where is the silver lining?
 'Tis *ruby* while *this* sun is shining!

THE SOO CANAL

In the still of the night we're awakened
From a deep and restful sleep
By the whistle shrilly blowing
And the sound of treading feet.
The "Soo Canal" we're approaching
With its lighted waterway,
Hundreds of lanterns glisten
As night is turned to day.
Our steamer enters the well-built lock
The gate is closed with no sound or shock.
Another is opened just ahead,
We're sinking fast to a level bed.
Out of Superior into St. Mary's we glide,
This feat accomplished with stately pride.
The gates are closed quite tight again,
Waiting a ship from over the main.

MACKINAC ISLAND

MACKINAC ISLAND

Mackinac Island with its natural arch,
Sugar loaf rock and picturesque Fort,
The burial place of Joliet.
The statue in bronze of Father Marquette,
The lovely homes and interesting stores,
The forests of cedars bordering its shores,
Fine fishing grounds for the sportsmen here,
A charming spot by all held dear.

ST. CLAIRE RIVER

ST. CLAIRE RIVER

Placid St. Claire River which winds so gracefully,

Dotted with homes and lovely farms,
Seen many miles away.

The soil is fertile hereabouts,
The atmosphere so pure,

The charms of everything we see
Our hearts and minds allure.

NIAGARA

NIAGARA

Rushing in rapids from Erie's lake
Turning and twisting ever,
Niagara with kingly waterfalls
Its glories will live forever.
Over the precipice, falling below
In thousands of gallons of spray,
Seething and hissing and causing a roar,
Dashing and whirling madly away.
As the water rushes on the rocks,
They're hewn by the force of it all:
Yearly the contour changes
Of these beautiful, stately falls.
Mists ascending from below,
As heavy, silvery cloud is seen
Vanishing into the atmosphere,
Feeding the shrubs so green.
Mighty torrents rushing on,
Leap and dance in snow-white foam.
Standing below and gazing above
On this marvelous, roaring mass,

NIAGARA

High, rocky, granite wall on side,
Leaping volumes momentarily pass.
Islands divided by rushing waters,
Trees with foliage green,
Happy warblers singing therein —
Truly a glorious scene.
Miles of rushing, whirling rapids
Traveling with voluminous strength,
Racing and tumbling, swifter and swifter
Till they reach the river at length.

THE END OF A PERFECT TRIP

THE END OF A PERFECT TRIP

Our journey's o'er,
We're home again,
We've naught, dear friends, to rue.
We've seen the west,
The glorious west,
Its many beauties too!
We'll leave our *play*
And get to *work*,
Yea, do it with a *will*.
We hope in future, dear, dear friends
To make some journeys still.
Good-bye, dear friends,
We're sad at heart
At thought of leaving you.
Best friends must part
Tis ever said,
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

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